

The Missionary Helper.



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Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

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Courage sisters! We have put our heart and hands to a great work; a work which is constantly growing wider in its opportunities and larger in its demands. Shall we draw back and say we cannot go forward? Many have been the prayers that the way might be opened for the entrance of the blessed Gospel into the dark portions of the earth, where are the habitations of cruelty. Prayer has been heard. Even now we hear the march of footsteps coming out from the darkness with quickening pace, while arms are stretched to us for the blessings of our Christian civilization.

The barriers to female education are giving way; schools are asked for and are opening to women. The progress of events points to the fact that they will be educated. As they come forth from their prison seclusion shall they not be "free indeed," and as they rise from their degradation shall it not be to a "newness of life?" Shall they not have Christianity with their dawning civilization?

To the accomplishing of a share in this result we have been intrusted. God forbid that we should be idle or indifferent at this important hour.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips in "Oak Lawn Cemetery," Hillsdale,

Mich., where his body lies buried. It is eminently fitting that this expression of tender regard for, and appreciation of the worth and work of, this Christian missionary should be erected. More enduring than granite or marble can be, are the lessons which his life emphasizes, and we all shall do well to acknowledge our indebtedness for its inspiration by some tangible testimonial. It is felt that this has been already too long delayed. Contributions are desired from pastors, churches, Sabbath schools, and individuals, at once, which will be received by Rev. J. J. Butler, Hillsdale, Mich.

HOW TO HELP IT.

BY E. S. BURLINGAME.

It is a matter much to be regretted that circumstances have made it necessary for so many articles to appear in the *Morning Star*, on the respective and comparative needs of the home and foreign mission work. It shows very plainly that we, as a denomination, are still in a sadly uneducated state, in regard to benevolent work. An efficient and practical plan has been persistently presented to and urged upon our churches, namely: the plan of systematic contributions, to be divided equitably between home and foreign missions, and education. A sufficient length of time has elapsed for even the most tardy to have introduced this plan. Is it not exceedingly humiliating, on having the light let in, to discover the dark fact that so few of our churches have adopted this plan, and that the contributions for these respective objects still come in with a hop, skip, and jump, just as the spur happens to be applied in some particular direction? The last plunge of the spur was applied with the admonition, "Give now, quickly, for home missions, or we shall die!" But if we go on in our present spasmodic way, we shall die of heart disease. What we want is, to get a little more principle into circulation, to have our sense of duty to save the

world aroused from stupor, to adopt systematic giving, and we shall have active, the elements of long life.

In looking at this state of things, let us face the fact that it is estimated that women compose about two-thirds of the membership of our churches, and if there is fault in our methods of giving, we share it. What is the plan adopted in your church? If it is not a systematic one, will you not go to work at once to have such a plan introduced, and keep at work until you succeed? In most cases, if one live woman in a church, fairly endowed with judgment, common-sense, and pluck, would undertake the introduction of systematic giving, success would be only a question of time.

"But," say you, "we already have a woman's society on our hands." Very well. Unless it is an exceptional case, all the members of the church and congregation are not members of that, and never will be. The plan you wish to introduce is for all, especially the brethren, and those who will not join your society. If any who are members of that are not able to give in the other direction, excuse them, but try to induce all others to adopt the plan; and your society will do,—what women's societies have already done in other churches,—help the general work.

If such a thing can be true, as that you have no woman's missionary society, do not rest a day until some effort is put forth towards such an organization. The women of the church need it. The children need it. The church needs its educating influence. The denomination needs its help. Your God asks the service.

WE are especially grateful for the kind words of appreciation which sometimes are contained in the letters of renewal of subscriptions.

They help and cheer us more than those who send them can know. May we all be very loyal and true to the work which has been set us to do, trusting in Him who says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," and whose promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway."

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

During the summer of 1847 Mr. Phillips had the joy of seeing the completion of a chapel at Jellalore, whose erection had cost him much time and anxiety. About a week after its first opening for worship it received a fresh consecration in a prayer-meeting. A spirit of earnest supplication, struggling in the hearts of several of the Santal students, voiced itself in pathetic words of prayer. "It was the happiest meeting," said Mr. Phillips, "that I have had for years, — a feast of fat things, — and more than repays my labor and toil in the instruction of these children of the jungle, and the acquisition of their strange and difficult language. Yea, it is an abundant recompense for all the toils and sufferings of twelve years of exile. God be praised that I have lived to see this day. Life never seemed so valuable. Were I to receive my discharge to-night, if permitted I would joyfully re-enlist in this service. The blind, despised Santals are pressing into the Kingdom, and, as if provoked thereby, the Oriyas are waking up to a just concern for their souls." Aug. 6, ten days later, he said: "We have just closed another glorious prayer-meeting. Truly this is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. We have now nine candidates for baptism. After explaining the meaning and design of the rite, I asked who wished thus to confess Christ before the world. Gad first answered, 'I do.' Then George, next my little Peter, then Shem, after that Bhagaban, then Elias, David, Daniel, and lastly Abial.* Three or four of the school girls seem awakened. Some of our heathen neighbors, who have of late attended our worship, confess that they are wrong and we are right. The village barber says he reads and prays at home, and he asks prayers that his wife, who now opposes him, may see the truth. It would be infidelity not to believe that God is at work in this place."

The prospective loss of caste proved a severe ordeal to

*Most of these had been named for American friends of the mission.

these new converts. Some of their relatives had taken the alarm. Though their faithful missionary had all along told them that if they would be Christians they must prepare to forsake all for Christ, yet the idea of being cut off from all connection with their own people — which is involved in loss of caste — came over them as though they had never before thought of it. Some desired to be Christians without breaking caste, and others plead for delay. Daniel Cilley and Elias Hutchins were the first to free themselves from its shackles. Mr. Phillips thus describes the scene. "I called them in with two of the native preachers, and proposed that they should eat some bread before us. Surprising as it may seem, this startled them, and they drew back. At length Daniel said he would eat. Elias said he would wait till he was baptized. The bread was brought, and after some hesitation Daniel raised his hand and took a piece. Elias declined. Poor Daniel sat with the bread in his hand, swelled up as if in a dreadful trial, and for half an hour or more it seemed doubtful whether they would taste the morsel which was to be the signal of a final separation from all their connections. It was an important step to take. The Rubicon once passed, there could be no retreat. At last they put the fearful morsel to their mouths; the work was done and immediately they became cheerful and happy. Soon afterwards a brother of Elias, having heard the news, came to see him and loaded him with reproaches. He was now an outcast. No Santal would take water from his hands. Where could he find a wife when he should want to marry? No one would give him his daughter. Who would perform his funeral rites when he should die? His body must lie above ground and be devoured by vultures and jackals!" Elias took all calmly, and said to his brother with firmness, that he had found the truth and should obey it to secure the salvation of his soul. His brother left in great affliction.

Sabbath, Aug. 30, was another day of rejoicing. About fifty of their heathen neighbors came to the water-side, and in solemn silence beheld five of their countrymen buried with Christ in baptism. Two were Santals, two Oriyas, and one Bengalee. The other three Santal candidates hesitated, frightened by the opposition.

Mr. Phillips' increased acquaintance with the Santals, had taught him some painful facts. He found them more under the power of caste than he had been led to suppose. Hook-swinging was practiced in some of their villages; even human sacrifices were sometimes offered, and they were also, to a great extent, religious drunkards. Still, in chastity, and in personal manners, they were much superior to the Hindoos. Among the latter, prostitutes are the only women who dance. So far as had been ascertained, this class of persons was unknown among the Santals. But while their women, as well as men, are passionately fond of music and dancing, their movements in the dance are graceful and decorous, and in striking contrast with the indecent gestures of the Hindoos. They seldom cover their heads, and their social dispositions and frankness of manners often render them attractive, and they seem to be, what women were designed to be, companions for their husbands. But, notwithstanding this superiority, they are bought and sold at marriage, doomed to a life of drudgery, and ignorant of almost everything that renders existence a blessing. Not one of them ever entered a school-room. While Mr. Phillips had been successful in obtaining young men and boys to instruct, so deep-rooted were the prejudices against female education, that all efforts to obtain Santal girls for the school had as yet proved unavailing.

Nov. 9, 1847, was rendered memorable in the mission, on account of the ordination of the first native preacher. Rama, the first fruit of Mr. Phillips' labor in Jellalore, was set apart to the work of the ministry, during a session of the Quarterly Meeting, at Balasore. Dr. Sutton, from Cuttack, preached the ordination sermon, and gave the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Phillips offered the ordaining prayer, and Dr. Bachelor gave the charge. Mr. Dow's continued ill health only allowed him to be a silent witness of the services.

For six years, as a licensed preacher, Rama, by his earnest, untiring labors, had gladdened the hearts of the missionaries,

and had ever shown himself worthy of the utmost confidence. During a mission tour with Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, the latter thus wrote of him: "It seems to be his meat and drink to preach Christ and Him crucified, and he never tires of his theme. His heart seems like a living fountain, ever bringing forth that which is fresh and new. Yesterday he preached in the streets, opposite the bazars, then came home and ate his rice, and in the afternoon back to the bazar again. No sooner had he eaten his rice in the evening, than he was going around among the travelers who were spending the night under the trees near us, asking them to have a little talk. We heard some of them say: "We are tired and sleepy, how can we talk?" "Well, sleep in peace, brothers," he would say, and pass on to others. Then we would soon find, by his earnest conversation, that he had obtained a hearing, and in the stillness of the night, long after I had retired, I heard him arguing most pathetically on the wickedness of worshipping dumb idols. He is a very interesting speaker, and has the happy faculty of enlisting at once, the attention of his hearers." In relation to Rama's ordination, Mr. Bacheler said:—

"The raising up of an efficient native ministry must constitute the great secret of our success as a mission. If we fail here, all our other labors can never be sufficient to effect any radical change in this idolatrous land. Foreign laborers can never do that work; they cost too much, they hold their lives and health by too frail a tenure. . . . We must have a native agency, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the people, to carry on the work that we may be enabled to commence and superintend. Both agencies are necessary to each other; the foreign to give character and support to the native, to prepare a Christian literature, and superintend all general operations; and the native is generally necessary to carry the gospel into the hamlets and jungles, and make the people feel that Christianity is not an exotic, the religion only of foreigners,—but that it is that alone through which they can obtain salvation. In raising up this agency, our mission has thus far been successful. Indeed, were Rama the only fruit, I should think that we had not

labored without an adequate reward. But we have others also, who are now going through a course of religious and literary training, which we trust will fit them eminently for the great work to which they are called. We pray God to grant us prosperity in this department of our work, and raise up a native ministry to dispense the bread of life to these perishing millions."

The pilgrim business is the curse and scourge of India, and we might add, of the world also, for its putrefying corpses originated the cholera. Thousands and tens of thousands perish annually from want, fatigue, and disease, on their pilgrimages to their great idol Juggernaut, saying nothing of pilgrimages to other shrines. The sick and disabled, as they fall by the roadside, are at once abandoned by their friends and left to die. The great pilgrim-road from the north of India to Pooree, the seat of the famous idol, passes through Jellasure. Several of its victims had fallen and died on Mr. Phillips' premises. What to do in such cases had caused him much anxiety. He could not receive these filthy, diseased persons into his house, without at the same time turning his family out of doors. His school-house was rendered almost uninhabitable by the filth and stench of these wretched objects. Through the generosity of a few English friends he was now enabled to provide a hospital with a small fund for its support. The man engaged to take charge of it recommended himself by saying that he had dragged off 200 corpses, and of course could take charge of all that would die in the hospital.* Dr. Bachelier, in speaking of the horrors of pilgrimage, said it was a strange occurrence to see a person administering even a draught of water to a sick or dying pilgrim, though he begged for it in most piteous tones. During the period of the return of the pilgrims Dr. Bachelier used to spend an hour or two each day in administering medicine to the sick. While mingling in the crowd in search of these, he would hear, rising from the throng in tones of surprise the ejaculations, "Blessed!" "Blessed!" "An incarnation of holiness!" "A sea of mercies!" He gave, as illustrations of the heartlessness with which the pilgrims treat even their nearest relatives, who fall sick on their journey, some heart-rending cases, and added, that he could fill a volume with similar ones.

* It was the custom to fasten a cord around the neck of the corpse and thus drag it off.

"How unfathomable," Dr. Bacheler exclaims, "are the horrors of heathenism! How have its deluded victims drank of its bitter draught, its foaming cup of misery, to its very dregs! It is the privilege of the Christian Church to exchange that bitter cup of sorrow for one of joy and gladness."

WORK FOR JESUS.

BY MARILLA.

Speak some word, where 'er thou roamest,
For the Lord of love,
E'en that word may find an echo
In the world above.

Go where hearts are daily bowing
To some idol shrine;
Tell them *God alone* will hear them,—
He is all divine.

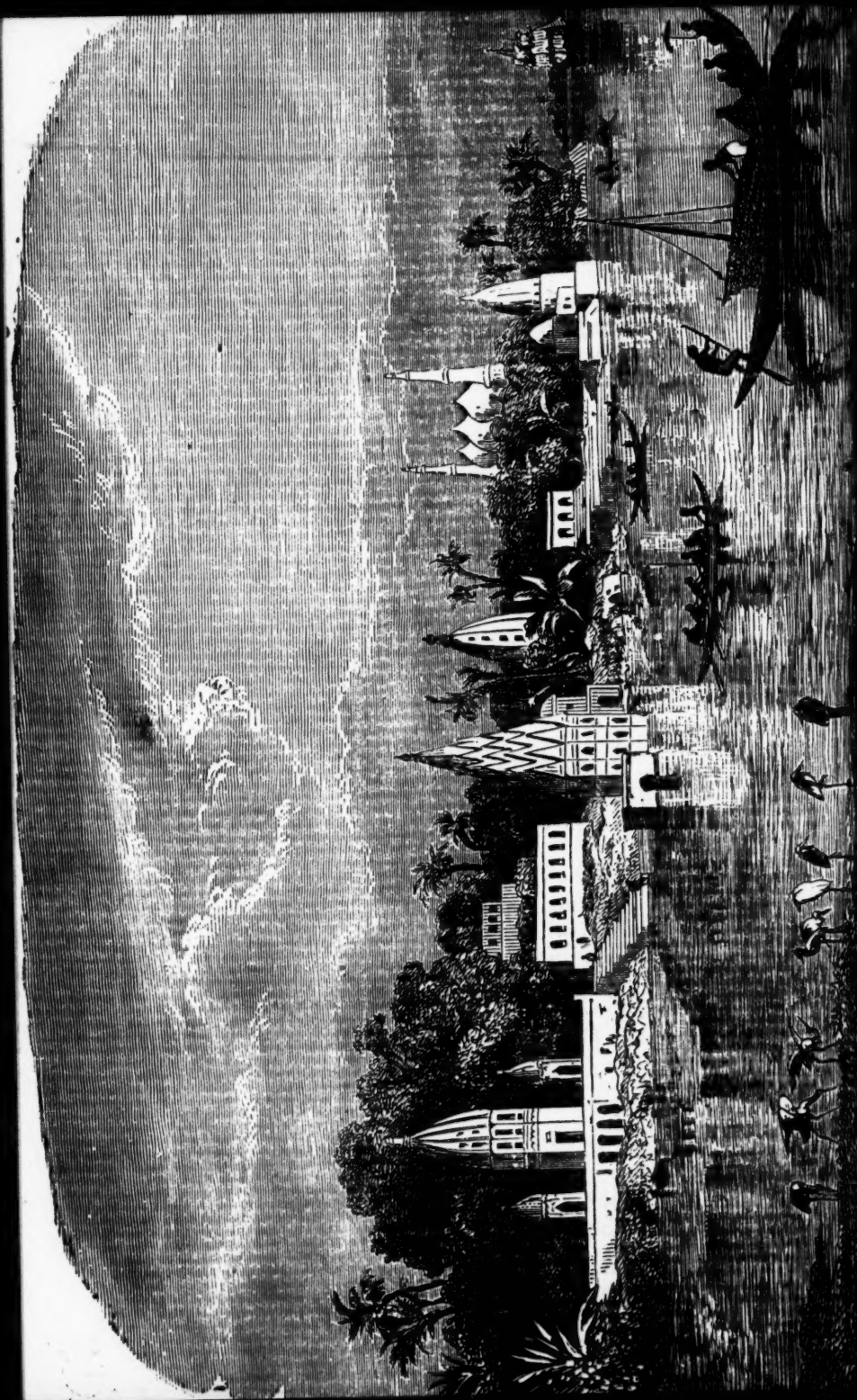
Where the sweet young child is playing
In the fronded grove,
Go and tell the wondrous story
Of our Saviour's love.

Where the heart is held in fetters
By the cruel bowl,
Go to them with gentle pleading,—
Love may win the soul.

Where the skeptic—bold and scornful—
Makes his wily plea;
There they need to learn of Jesus;
There is work for thee.

Go then, work as Christ shall bid thee;
Wait not till the night;
Though the day be dark and gloomy,
Christ shall give thee light.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS.



THE RIVER GANGES.

The large and magnificent Ganges, called the most interesting river in the world, is 1,500 miles long, flowing through one of the most fertile and densely populated regions of the earth. * Away up among the Himalayas, it rises, born in a cave of snow, and descends in a rapid and ever increasing torrent, to the wide-spreading plain below. At Allahabad it is joined by the Jumna, and the point of union by these two rivers is considered one of the most sacred spots on earth. People from remote towns and villages bring their dying relatives to the banks of the Ganges, and sometimes, if they linger too long, hasten their death by filling nose and mouth with the sacred mud, for if one who is thought to be dying should recover, it is supposed that it is because the gods will not accept him.

The Ganges presents lively and picturesque scenes all along its broad bosom. The native boats always plying up and down, the Hindoo temples half hidden by shrubbery, the graceful bamboo waving in the wind, the little villages, nestled in among the trees, are all attractive ; but distance lends enchantment to the view, for each village that is entered is a fresh disappointment, as the confusion, the odors, and the dirt dispel the attraction.

In the river at Calcutta, where both banks are lined with ships, great and small, from every country, hundreds of people may be seen every morning bathing and praying, for bathing is a religious ceremony which is strictly adhered to by the great mass of the people.

Oh, how they need to know of the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, flowing out of the throne of God." Shall we not send to them the glad message that the water of life is flowing freely for them.

F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM IDA PHILLIPS.]

DURGA PUJA HOLIDAYS.

THE time for the annual worship of the goddess Durga, or Kali, is just at hand, and it occurred to me that it would, perhaps, interest friends at home to know a little more about this festival which is so widely observed. For ten days in October all courts of law, business places, and schools are closed for what are called the "Durga Puja Holidays." Yesterday I was asking my pundit, a brahmin, about it, and he says that for some time great preparations have been going on in the wealthiest families of the place, to celebrate this great occasion. According to Hindoo mythology this goddess is the wife of a god called Mahadeb, one of the Hindoo trinity. Her office is that of saviour. She is one of the most hideous of their gods, and certainly the most blood-thirsty. She is represented as standing on the prostrate body of her husband. On her head she wears an immense gilded crown, in one hand she holds by the hair a human head; in another, for she has four, she bears a sword, and about her neck she wears a necklace of human skulls. This is not the only saviour of whom the Hindoo Shasters teach. There are at least three, each one having his or her own class of followers. This goddess is especially pleased by bloodshed. The slaying of goats, sheep, buffaloes, etc., do propitiate her to some extent, but human sacrifices are her particular delight. A murderer, if he kills his victim in her name, is supposed to be received into eternal bliss.

Among the followers of Durga, those who are sufficiently wealthy have her image made each year in their homes. About the first week of this month a modeler in clay is called, and he proceeds to make a rude frame-work of bamboo for the figure, which is to be about life size. This is covered with straw, and this again with clay; at length it is painted so as to be about the complexion of the average Hindoo. The figure is highly ornamented with gold and silver tinsel, and red and yellow paint. After the image is quite complete a priest is hired to come and give life to it. This is done by simply repeating various incantations over her. After this ceremony the worship begins. A brahmin stays always in the house to offer sacrifices and prayers, for no

worshiper, however devout he may be, can come himself to the goddess.

For five days the best kinds of rice and bananas, also goats, lambs, etc., are daily offered. These offerings are supplied mostly by the members of the family who have the idol made, though offerings may be brought in by devout worshipers who are too poor to afford an image of their own. During these five days great festivities are carried on. Every one wears and eats the best they can possibly afford, and giving and receiving presents is quite the order of the day. On the fifth day evening, about nine o'clock, the image loses her life, so the people believe, and the dead figure is carried on a litter to the bank of a river, or some other body of water, followed by a great procession, and amidst weeping for her departure and prayers for her return she is cast into the stream.

My pundit tells me that among the hundreds who come to witness this last ceremony not more than one in fifty are real believers in the goddess, but come simply from idle curiosity and a desire to have a gay holiday. This brahmin, though proud as all brahmins are of their caste, is yet anything but a hearty Hindoo. I truly believe that if professing Hindoos were to express honestly their feelings with regard to their own religion, very few devout believers would be found, — that is among the men, — and even among the women there are many who are fast losing faith. But Hindoos have such an unconquerable fear of breaking over established institutions and customs, and such a lack of moral courage to endure persecution, that, though their hearts are not in them, they still cling to their old forms. I believe there will be a time when there will be a mass movement made in favor of Christianity. Until that good day comes we must be content to work on, preparing the people, — leading them up gradually. Signs of growth are evident everywhere, and I never for a moment feel discouraged or inclined to call the work fruitless, because we see few open conversions.

[FROM HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.]

A HINDOO WEDDING.

A recent home letter, asked: "Do those people know enough to marry?" Which we answer by giving a description of a wedding which occurred a short time ago, and which may be regarded as proof that they do. Hindoo weddings are confined chiefly to the cold season months, hence they

are now in their height. The one of which I speak occurred on a Saturday night. We had heard there was to be a grand display on the occasion of the marriage of a young *zemindar* (landholder), and that an English band, from Calcutta, was to be present, but just when and where it was to occur, we did not know. On this night, I was kept awake a long time by voices of people passing, and thinking they sounded unwarrantably near, I threw a shawl about me, and stepped out on the verandah. There was a constant stream of people passing, but a company of some eight or ten men were sitting, chatting composedly on the broad front steps. I asked them what they wished. "Nothing, we are only sitting and *thinking*." I suggested the propriety of doing their thinking as they walked along, and stood by to see that they acted upon the suggestion.

Still the hum of voices continued, varied by the very unmelodious sound of a native drum, and later in the night, by what sounded like reports of musketry. These native drums are shaped like a slender keg, and the heads being so small, the sound they give forth is far from musical. The performance, often a solo, is sometimes accompanied by an instrument which seems to be similar in appearance to the flute, but which emits the most weird sounds, and neither performer pays the slightest regard to time or tune.

By three o'clock, sleep had become quite impossible, and stepping out again, for possibly the seventh or eighth time, I judged from appearances that the *tamasha* (show) was approaching. Our house is situated in an open space, between two bazars, and several rods west of the high road connecting them. East of the road is a large tank, and on its high bank were collected thousands of people, as we could see by the dim light of the moon, and by the frequent flashes of fireworks. These were probably discharged at short intervals along the entire route; and certainly, I never saw a finer display of rockets anywhere. Let it not be thought for a moment that all these thousands were invited guests. The bridal party, proper, traveled, some in palkees, some on horses, some on elephants, and in the train was one camel, whose rider looked as if he might be left behind any moment, so far back was he seated. These were accompanied by about fifty torch-bearers, each one carrying above his head, what in the distance looked like a gas-lighted chandelier, which, being decorated with large pieces of mica, sparkled very beautifully in the light.

In a fanciful, illuminated pagoda, carried on the heads of men, was seated the little bridegroom, with a boy of about his own age standing on either side. We asked, "Where is the bride?" "Oh, she is not in the procession; the bridegroom is going now to be married." Then it flashed over me, *this* is the meaning of the passage, "At midnight there was a cry made, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.'" The custom of giving wedding garments to the guests also still prevails, and is by no means as expensive as might be thought, as it is usually but a straight piece of cotton cloth, four or five yards long. When the procession was nearly opposite our house, I heard the drum of the Calcutta band, and my heart gave a great leap at the dear, familiar sound, and straining my ears, I tried to catch the accompanying music, but if there was any it was drowned by the native instruments that "brayed horrible discord," and I was compelled sadly to give it up. I almost fancied I could appreciate the feelings of the poor Scotch woman,—be the story truth or fiction,—who, at the terrible siege of Lucknow, on the distant approach of the rescuing Highlanders, putting her ear to the ground, eagerly exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? The Campbells are coming! I hear the slogan!"

By four o'clock the whole train had passed. On Sunday morning the crowds were returning. In the afternoon came the bridal train without the crowd; thirty or forty palkees, half a dozen horses, seven gaily caparisoned elephants, and one camel. The bridegroom was in the van of the procession, the doors of his palkee were open, and a "chata waller" (umbrella carrier), was running at the side, to protect his highness from the sun. Toward the rear, came a bright red palkee, closed tightly, in which was the poor little bride, going to spend a few days at her husband's house, after which, she would return to her home, to remain until she should reach the age of *twelve years*, after which she must go to that of her husband.

Musing on the thousands upon thousands of money expended on this occasion, so much of which had gone into the air, I could but wish that it had been devoted to some nobler purpose; and yet it unquestionably afforded pleasure to a far greater number of people than would even double the amount as usually expended on a wedding in high life at home.

DANTOON, FEB. 16, 1880.

EXTRACTS.

[FROM MISS CRAWFORD.]

This morning, one of my school girls, Bhabani, went, as a teacher, with a Christian widow from Santipore, to Son-thea, a village about twelve miles distant. Last week, while on a visit to Nellie Cole, two men came from this village and begged me so hard for a teacher, that I promised to supply them, if I could find a woman to stay with her. They said they would provide a home for the woman and girl, and nothing should molest them. When I asked this Christian widow to go with Bhabani and do missionary work in that heathen village, she made many excuses;—that place was so far distant, and she had seen none of the people. I told her that I had left all my friends and come *almost* as far, and that I had not only not seen any of the people before, but had not even heard their language, and all their customs were different from those of my own blessed country. At this she looked a little ashamed, and after thinking over the blessings she had received through the Gospel, she said she would go. . . . Last week I let a girl go to a village six miles distant, to open a school. One of my Christian girls, who is married to a nominal Christian, lives there. . . . The poor girls go out like lambs in the midst of wolves, and I have no little anxiety about them. Nellie Cole has done wonderfully well, but she has much more sound judgment than the most of native young women.

It is painful to think of the many great villages in all directions which have not one Christian inhabitant. How I should love to put a good Christian family in the midst of every such village. Oh! for more money and more faithful workers, and most of all let us cry for the Spirit of God to be poured out upon the people.

A young man named Rama, who has been a member of the Bible School, and hopes to be again when it re-opens, called on me yesterday, and begged me, as he had before repeatedly done, to pray for his heathen parents and for the village in which they reside. He implores me also to write and beg Christians in my country to pray for them. Will you make known this urgent request?

JELLASORE, Feb. 5, 1880.

[FROM MRS. BURKHOLDER.]

. Just now I am out in camp among the hills, to the north and west of Bhimpore. Five of the Bible

School students, one inspector, and three women, form our working force. We are visiting among the Santal schools. My heart has been made so very sad to see the utter ignorance of the people in this part of the district. When, O when, I have asked myself so many times since coming here, is this gross darkness to be dispelled, and these thousands, yes millions, set free in the light of God. At times I seem utterly overpowered by the amount of work that lies at our very door, and it seems useless even to think of its accomplishment. It is at such times that the sure promises of our eternal God come to my support. They can never fail. On them we stand as on the Rock of Ages, and we are confident, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Christ is to reign over these poor degraded Santals as his subjects. When the right arm of the Almighty has been bared to bring salvation to the lost, we shall not, we cannot be hopeless. In His, and not our own time, the final victory shall be won. . . .

You will be glad to know that during the week of prayer we introduced the weekly offering system into our Bhimpore church. The people generally seem well pleased with it. The first Sabbath we spent in camp one of the native members proposed that we observe it in camp, and then appoint a treasurer, who would make over the amount collected to the church treasurer. To see this spirit, gratified me much. Some of the young women who signed asked the privilege of carrying earth on their heads when the foundations of our house were being dug, so as to earn their subscriptions. I have promised to buy anything they may have to sell, which we can make useful, so they can have the needed money.

CAMP CHALTA, Jan. 19.

[FROM IDA PHILLIPS.]

. We are still away from home, and moving every few days, sometimes every day. During this week we have visited a little Christian village, located some fifty-six miles from Balasore. The village was started some years ago. There are only nine families in all, still they are getting along pretty well, and seem to be making a very good impression on the Hindoos about them. My brother thinks of sending one of his native preachers there to live, this next year, and so carry on the work more extensively. We are all glad to have our native Christians starting homes right among the heathen, and living independently.

You ask about the number of houses being visited in Balasore. I always keep a record of them, but have n't it with me. I think the number at present is about ninety. I have been able to start three girls' schools during the past year, and am intending, as soon as I go back to the station, to open another one or two. . . . One of the new schools, I am glad to say, is almost entirely self-supporting. Of late we have been able to get the conditions of the government changed, so that we have more perfect control of our funds, and can use them for schools or zenana work, as we see fit. I am very anxious to employ one or two Bible women to go about among the poorer women of the town, not to teach them to read, but to read to them and explain the Bible. . . .

I enjoy the *HELPER* very much indeed. I think it grows better every time it appears. . . .

CAMP MARKUNA, Jan. 30.

FROM THE VALLEY.

My letter from Harper's Ferry in last month's *HELPER* was written only a few days after my arrival there, but each succeeding day added to my interest in the work. As a denomination, from the first of our existence, we said, slavery is wrong. That we firmly maintained this position while slavery existed, is cause for devout thankfulness. Our martyred President's emancipation proclamation called forth a shout of joy, not only from the millions crushed beneath a system whose character surely belonged to the dark ages, but also from the heart of every true lover of freedom. From a child I never remember to have heard my dear, honored father pray but he sent up a petition for those whom our boasted land of freedom held in cruel bondage. On hearing that proclamation, which gave liberty to these captives, for an instant the thought came: What is there left to pray for? The agonizing prayer so instantly turned into the voice of thanksgiving, might for a moment make us forget that the world was still lying in wickedness. I was proud of my country when, a few years ago, I saw this proclamation, beautifully framed, hanging in a conspicuous place in one of the art galleries of the Old World.

Had all our people been ready with their means to lift up

and educate these people, who may well be pardoned if they hardly knew what to do with their freedom, we might have had a much larger working force among them to-day; but let us rejoice over what, with small means, we have been able to accomplish.

Storer College was chartered in 1868. Since then it has sent out more than one hundred and fifty teachers, while those who have completed their course in the Normal Training School, number more than one third of these. Many of them have been, and still are, diligent, faithful workers among their own people. The pastors in our colored churches, South, have nearly all of them completed either a full or partial course at this institution. Several of them have taken their wives from it. The wife of the pastor of the Berryville church, who before her marriage had not the opportunity of securing an education, felt the need of it so strongly that she is now in school, while her husband is going on with his work. I had the privilege of listening to sermons from several of our colored preachers at the Winchester Quarterly Meeting, held at Berryville. They were eminently practical, and suited to the wants of their audiences. I was strongly impressed with the fact, that any race of people must be Christianized, and to a large extent educated by those raised up from it, and also that the foreign worker most fully accomplishes his or her work who organizes and superintends the largest number of the devoted workers of this class.

We need schools to educate the people, and then practical men and women to arrange and bring into good working order the forces thus prepared.

It was a pleasure to witness the eagerness with which they listened to accounts of people less favored than themselves, and their readiness, too, to help, to the extent of their ability. We confidently look forward to a time when this school will send out its workers into foreign fields. In prospect I see Africa rejoicing in the light this home work is to send it.

While with the friends at the Ferry I had an opportunity of going over some of the places made memorable by the late bloody struggle, that wrought out deliverance for the slave. As we looked on the long rows of graves, where sleep the "unknown dead," we thought of those homes whose inmates had waited long and anxiously for tidings that never came.

We left Harper's Ferry, after a month's sojourn, thankful

that we were permitted to personally know its work, its workers, and its needs. Precious memories will go with us to our own distant field of labor.

D. F. SMITH.

THANKSGIVING ANN.

[The following sketch was written by Miss Kate Hamilton, and was transferred from an Eastern publication to the missionary column of the *Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific*, in *Life and Light*.]

"Thanksgiving Ann" had lived for years with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn, whether as servant or mistress of the establishment, they scarcely knew. She was a devoted servant of Christ, and counted nothing too precious for His service. She believed in no haphazard way of throwing into the Lord's treasury; but of her own little store she carefully laid aside one-eighth as sacred to her Divine Master. In short, "Thanksgiving Ann" believed in "systematic givin'."

She was grieved that her loved master and mistress did not view the matter in the same light. "Counting up one's income and setting aside a certain portion for charity makes our religion seem too much 'like a tax,'" said Mrs. Allyn. "I like to give freely and gladly of what I have, when the time comes."

"If ye haven't give so freely and so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces, an' yer own new dresses, dat ye don't have much when the time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

One morning the Bible agent called. Ann brought out her "Bible money," and her donation was found equal to her master's, which proves, said Ann to herself, "dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause, by thinking about it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pocket when de time comes." "Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured. "Well, mebbly I oughtn't to judge; but den I don't judge, I *knows*, course I knows, when I'se here all de time, an' sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times — folks an' horses all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough He don't need her help, all de world is His; an' He can

send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well — 'taint my soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'!"

And now another call has come. "Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," said Mrs. Allyn. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over the cheerful dismissal of the subject, and pondered over the matter to some purpose.

As the dinner hour drew on, the old woman sat in the kitchen doorway, busily sewing on a calico apron. Mrs. Allyn passed through the room, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly,

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Have n't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come."

It seemed a little odd, but the lady well knew that Ann needed no oversight, and went her way, half expecting some pleasant surprise at the dinner hour, but when it arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with astonished eyes, so plain and meager were its contents.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Allyn.

"Dat's all the cold meat dar was; sorry I didn't have no more," said the old servant.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning, and you have no vegetables, either."

"Laws! yes, but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand, to get a roast cooked, and just the same with 'taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare, I forgot de bread."

Trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake. "Might have made biscuit or muffins if I had planned for 'em long enough. Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us richly all things to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses!" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is method in her madness," said his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, and, placing a few peaches on the table, said, "Dat's all. De children eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' another. I'se sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes. "Couldn't you have laid aside some for us?" said he.

"Well, dar, now!" 'spose I could; believe I will next time; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear as if dey fared slim, an' I 'spects I'll go back to de old plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned his wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance."

"And what if she is right, and our careless giving seems anything like this?" said Mrs. Allyn with a troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it does n't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master, believe that every blessing we have in the world is His direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be journeying toward His royal city, and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment, and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom or the forwarding of His work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified."

"It does n't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mrs. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless, or selfish to come to any decision and make any change."

But a change was now made, and the good old servant had the joy of knowing, not only that her master and mistress planned their giving, but gave good measure, after her own fashion. To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries; but how paltry the sacrifice compared with the rich blessings which came to their souls in thus imitating their Lord, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Let us do likewise, and *our treasury* will overflow. In the work of the Woman's Boards the question of funds is always one of the first importance. We have not to inquire, Where are the harvest fields? but, How shall we sustain the faithful toilers already gathering in the harvest? Let every Christian woman pray over and *plan* for, and give to this blessed cause, to the extent of her ability, and the aggregate result will far exceed our most sanguine hopes.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS (Cong.). Its twelfth annual meeting was held in Springfield, Mass., in January. There are connected with this Board twenty branches and four conference associations, having under their care 885 auxiliaries and 560 mission circles, making a total of 1,445 organizations, of which 124 have been formed during the year. An encouraging feature of the year was the increased interest among the young ladies.

This Board has seventy-five missionaries, eighty-five Bible readers, twenty-one boarding schools, besides five "Homes" for higher education, and sixty-seven village and day schools. Fourteen missionaries have gone out during the year, and the receipts were \$73,793. Rev. Dr. Buckingham, welcoming the Board to Springfield, said: "He wished Paul were there to see what he never saw before, and what he would heartily enjoy. The women whom Paul knew were not intelligent and educated like this church-full of women, whose influence was felt far and wide." Speaking of the object of the Board, he said that it only needed the enlistment of every Christian woman in the work to make it a powerful lever to move the whole eastern world heavenward.

OUR TREASURY.

At the close of the first six months of our financial year, commencing with Oct. 1, 1879, and closing with March 31, 1880, it seems not only fitting to report to the Society the condition of its finances, but necessary.

At the annual meeting of the board in October, some of the members felt that the appropriations ought to be increased. It was thought, not only safe to do this within the

limits of last year's contributions, including money given for special work, but was needful in order to stimulate the women of the denomination to the greatest service to this cause. For this reason the appropriations, home and foreign, were increased, on the condition that, if the receipts for the year are not large enough to meet this demand, the amounts donated to zenana work, to the aid of students, assistant teachers, and Mrs. Brackett's work at Harper's Ferry, are to be proportionately reduced. While these appropriations do not exceed the entire receipts for last year, they do call for an increased sum for the general work. On this account the contributions the present year, outside of any special work, must almost equal contributions last year for regular appropriations, Myrtle Hall, and the outfit and passage of Miss Hattie Phillips. In other words, the needs of the cause are so great that when special giving ceases in one direction the claims in another are equally as great.

At the close of six months I find the receipts for these appropriations are less than the appropriations by \$192.82. This is partly owing to the fact that at this season of the year contributions are often less than in some other seasons. This also emphasizes the demand for a fund which can be used at such times for obtaining money to pay bills due.

By the 25th of May, \$584.77 are needed to pay bills. This sum does not include anything on appropriation for blanks and tracts, amounting to \$50, which has not been paid. When we consider that on the above date the fourth quarter's appropriation of our financial year should be remitted to India, we see the necessity of immediate work. This May number of the *HELPER* will reach the subscribers less than a month before that time, so that special haste will be required to collect and forward to the treasury.

It is not necessary to call your attention to the importance of this work. You know the wants of those crying for spiritual food, both in India and America, and that we ought not to reduce our appropriations one dollar. You know, too, that every dollar of the funds secured goes to these needy ones, after deducting a few necessary expenses.

Times, it is said, are better, money more easily secured, and the treasury, too, in want of immediate help. For these reasons may we not confidently look for a large ingathering of funds before June 1, 1880?

L. A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

The Phillips Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society, organized in September last, is quite prosperous. We have twenty members, with the prospect that others will join.

For our first work, we are pledged to furnish the Gerrit Smith room, in Myrtle Hall, and are already looking forward to the time when we can pay for the support of a native teacher in India. The *HELPER*, though new to many of us, is very welcome, and we are grateful for the rich items of interest it brings to us. Miss Thalie Toothaker is our very efficient secretary.

A MEMBER.

NEW YORK.

Miss Nora Prosser, Secretary of the Auxiliary at North Scriba, N. Y., reports that the missionary cause is advancing in that place; as the people come to know more of the work in India and other places, they are more willing to respond to the call for help. The society numbers twenty-three members, and there are seven subscribers to the *HELPER*.

She sends the programme of a public meeting, which contains many interesting features.

OHIO.

Mrs. Lash writes, that on account of the roads being almost impassable, but few were able to attend the quarterly meeting of their society held in February. None of the officers were present, yet they did not let the occasion pass by, but had a few exercises and took a collection. Extracts of letters from missionaries were read by Miss Shalter. Two or three very interesting speeches were made, several new subscribers to the *HELPER* obtained, and two young sisters gave their names as members of the society.

MICHIGAN.

The first public meeting of the Hillsdale Q. M. Missionary Society was held in connection with the Q. M. at Jackson, and its success stood as an omen of the future of the enterprise.

The next one was held with the Osseo Church, and was full of interest as well as encouragement. Miss Nellie Dunn, the President, conducted the exercises. Opening prayer was offered by Rev. C. B. Mills. An effective address was given by Professor Dunn, on "The Value of Missions." In a few well-spoken words, Rev. J. S. Harrington addressed the audience in regard to mission work at home.

Mrs. J. Phillips gave a description of domestic life in India, with illustrations of board. This was the most interesting exercise; the audience asking questions.

The report of the Secretary shows a good degree of interest among the auxiliary societies. The monthly meetings have been generally sustained, and there is a desire to accomplish more in the coming months. Effort is also being made to increase the subscriptions to the *HELPER*, every society looking upon it as a needed help.

An auxiliary society was organized in the Osseo Church, with Miss Emma Peck, President, and Miss Irene Carpenter, Secretary and Treasurer.

ANNA P. STOCKWELL, *Secretary.*

At a recent public meeting of the Fairfield Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. Jennette M. West, its Secretary and Treasurer, made a very interesting report, from which the following are extracts — necessarily brief, for want of space:—

Since the last public meeting we have had four Thursday meetings, and received ten new members. The attendance is good and increasing, there being about forty present at each of the last meetings.

The club for the *HELPER* numbers the same as last year, some being new subscribers, while some of the old ones feel obliged to do without it; a fact I very much regret, as it costs but a trifle, the proceeds go to the cause, and it comes laden with all the freshness and interest of a letter from a friend. To do without it, is like having no word from absent members of the family.

The money now in treasury is \$11.14, of which \$5.00 is from a lady who cannot meet with us often, so makes yearly payment.

And you will pardon me if I again speak of the object and aims of this society as set forth in our accepted constitution.

The object of the society is to disseminate missionary intelligence, to carry the word of God to those without it, in foreign countries and in our own country, and to the needy just about us. To accomplish this we need your money, your time, your talents, your prayers. Who will give? "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

MINNESOTA.

At the March term of the Hennipen Q. M., held at Minneapolis, the Society was given the hour from ten to eleven for its public meeting. Our President, Mrs. C. L. Russell, being detained by illness, the Vice-President, Mrs. H. G. Caswell, took the chair, making some very timely remarks. The meeting opened by singing "Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep," Mrs. A. A. Smith read the Eighty-fourth Psalm, and Rev. Mr. Mitchell offered prayer. Cheering reports from Champlin, Castle Rock, Crystal Lake, Brooklyn, and Minneapolis Churches were read by Mrs. J. D. Hutchins. Mrs. Keith, of Minneapolis, presented a very effective essay on mission work. Nellie Drew sang a selection. Mrs. J. D. Batson, of Castle Rock, read extracts from Burmah letters, which were very interesting. There were select readings by Ella Bradbury and Minnie Young. Our hour being up, we closed with singing: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Mrs. L. E. LEIGHTON, *Secretary.*

An enthusiastic worker, who has again sent us a very large number of subscribers, thus replies to the inquiry for her magic success in getting subscribers. She says: "I am not aware that I have any. In the majority of cases the reply is favorable, when I say that our missionary magazine is doing much good, and we wish to have it in every family,

and that the subscription is such a mere trifle, that it brings it in the reach of all, adding, 'I suppose you wish to have it.'

Of course, occasionally, for the sake of an excuse, one says, 'I have little time to read,' or, 'I have more matter already than I can read.' I then say, 'The book is so small it will crowd out very little other reading,' or, 'it is nice for *knitting work*, to catch up in moments of waiting, or in the necessary interims of daily work,' or, 'have n't you a friend for whom you would like to take it?' And to each one who does take it, I try to be particular to say, 'Please be sure that it fall into the hands of the children and young people, and when your own family is done with it, let your neighbors see it, whether they are Free Baptists or not. Make it do all the good possible.'

I am sure I could have gotten many more names had I time and strength to devote to it. Oh, I long sometimes, for a dozen pairs of hands, to multiply the work for the Master, and the dear souls that know Him not."

THE following was not intended for publication, but it points out so clearly what can be done where there is a desire and a purpose to do work for the Master, even under embarrassing circumstances, that we do not think it well to withhold it, for the encouragement it contains.

"Enclosed find the pay for eight copies of the *HELPER*, which is two in advance of last year. I wish it were many times more, but we are a feeble band (as far as numbers are concerned). Our church has only eighteen members; of these, five are male members, five are widows, and three ladies whose husbands are not professing Christians. We keep up our mission work as well as we can, meeting regularly once a month. There are twelve paying members in our society, and since its organization, three years ago last fall, between seventy and eighty dollars have been raised. We trust the mission spirit is gaining ground. We have no pastor, have not had, or any preaching for over a year. We keep up our Sunday school and covenant-meetings, and in warm weather, our weekly prayer-meetings. Our hopes and wishes are for the success of our missions at home and abroad, both financially and spiritually.

Yours, in Christian love and work."

Over against the above, we place this extract which represents another kind of embarrassment that certainly does require a large measure of patience and courage.

"I waited, hoping to be able to get more names from our church, but I have tried without success. It is not strange, for all the natural missionary spirit in the society has always been quenched by the pastors, who have constantly impressed it upon the mind of those inclined to give, that we ought to save everything we could raise to pay into the church debt. We were all anxious to have that paid at the earliest possible moment, so we acquiesced, but we are still in debt, are without a pastor, and unable at present, to raise the amount required to secure one. I sin-

cerely hope our next pastor will not quench all the missionary spirit in the society."

Now is a favorable time to put in a good supply of missionary seed, asking, in sure faith, that the next pastor will help cultivate the soil, and that not far distant will be the time when the result of giving according to Thanksgiving Ann's way will have removed the church debt, promptly paid the salary, and sent many a dollar to forward the glorious spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. My dear sister, organize a woman's live missionary society *at once*.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

It is proposed to give a photograph of Rev. Mr. Phillips to every one who contributes fifty cents to the monument to be erected to his memory.

In Nazareth, the chosen home of our Saviour, while on earth, the Female Education Society of England has an orphanage, opened four years ago, with 36 girls, of the ages of 4 to 16. At this Christian home, girls, whether of Greek or Latin, Jewish or Moslem parentage, are taught to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, who is saying to them, as He said in the days of His flesh, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

The *Gospel in all Lands* has changed its form to a quarto. It is an excellent family magazine. The April number is devoted to Japan, and the May number will review India.

An American lady missionary in Asiatic Turkey was trying in vain to make a sick old woman understand the *freeness* of the Gospel. At last she said, "It's God's *backshish*!" and the poor creature instantly and joyfully grasped the truth.

The Presbyterian Woman's Board has two missionaries in Alaska; Mrs. McFarland is at Wrangel and Miss Austin at Sitka.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has translated the Scriptures into 187 languages, the American Bible Society into 41, and the Scottish and other societies into 72. Total, 226.

When the missionary steamer, owned by the Free Church of Scotland, was to be placed on Lake Nyassa, the leader of the expedition, an Englishman, applied to the chief of the tribe for reliable help to carry the craft around the Murchison cataracts. The chief responded by sending 800 women, who were intrusted with the whole enterprise. Some of them came fifty miles, bringing their own provisions. If they had lost a single portion of the steamer, the whole scheme would have failed. They carried it in 250 loads, in five days, 75 miles, and not a nail or a screw was lost. They had made no bargain as to wages, trusting to the fairness of the Englishman, who gave them each, *five yards of calico*.

The *Gospel in all Lands* thus sums up the work of Protestant Missions in China since 1842, when they were first planted there. Chinese communicants, 13,000, of whom two-thirds are men, many of whom have testified the reality of their faith by persecution and death even. Organized congregations, 312, with nearly 700 church edifices and chapels. There are 473 foreign missionaries, 73 native ministers and 92 Bible women. Theological schools, 21. Children attending Sunday school, 3,000; and 7,000 receiving secular education from the missionaries. The converts contribute \$9,000 annually; 18 churches are self-supporting, and 243 partially so. Buddhism is declining.

Children's Niche.

[Lines suggested by Mrs. J. L. Phillips' Ragged Schools, in Midnapore, India.]

Have you ever been in our mission school,
When the benchless floor was crowded full?
Have you looked on the childish faces
there,

That are crossed already with lines of care?

In front of the door, the noisy street
Is trodden hard by the children's feet,
And every nook of the spacious room
Is bright with their faces — and still they
come.

Far in the depths of their wistful eyes,
A questioning thought like a shadow lies;
A shadow of hunger, want, and pain,
And childish hopes that are hoped in vain.

Oh! white is the field, and the laborers few;
But it calls for a love that is warm and true.
Shall we win these souls to the Saviour's
fold,

By a careless lesson, or precept cold?

To-day a beseeching cry goes forth,
From end to end of the waiting earth;
A cry from the children, tender and
sweet, —
These heathen children, that throng the
street.

Shall we dare to-day, to have heard in vain
That passionate cry of wrong and pain?
Shall we dare *hereafter*, in shame, to say
We heard the cry, and we turned away?

ANON.

A LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: It is a great pleasure to read, from time to time, of what the Children's Bands are doing to assist a cause in which we are all so much interested. It is always cheering to see children engaged in any good work; they enter into it with so much spirit, and are so willing to give their mites to carry it along.

I want to tell you to-day, dear children, of a little girl in our society, whose example, though she is but six years of age, many an older person would do well to follow. Ever since she has been large enough to go to church and Sabbath school she has been accustomed to save her pennies to put into the contribution box. You know, some people dislike to see the contribution box come along, but it is not so with this little girl, and so, each Sabbath, with sparkling eyes, she drops her penny into the box at Sabbath school, and as for the monthly missionary collection, we should as soon think it would be forgotten by the pastor as by her.

I do not speak of this child because she is the only one here who is accustomed to give to these objects. Oh no! numbers of our children are learning how pleasant it is to have something to drop into the box as it passes. But this little one makes it a rule *always* to be prepared for the calls of

benevolence, however often they come. When a barrel of articles for the people at Harper's Ferry, who are trying so hard to get an education, was sent from here, several of the children contributed for it. Our little friend was one of them. She picked apples to get money for a nice towel, and then printed her name and age on it.

It pleased good Mr. Morrell very much that so young a child should want to help them, and soon a long letter came to her from him. You should have seen her eyes sparkle as she received it, and passed it round for one and another to read. Could you have read it, children, you would have been satisfied that, grave and dignified as Mr. Morrell is, he has not forgotten that he was once a little boy.

One of the pleasantest things about this good habit this child has formed is, that she wishes to *earn* the money to give away; and though you may not think that a child of six years could earn much, she has learned many ways to make herself useful. She runs of errands, brings in wood, picks apples when there are apples to pick, and when all else fails, paints pictures for her grandfather.

These pictures, probably, are not very valuable, and it is possible that they do not show much artistic taste, but they please the good old gentleman and bring the pennies. So by these different ways she always has money on hand. I do not mean that she gives away all her money, but that it seems to be her *first* object to have something to give.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if all children followed her example? If every child gave a penny at Sabbath school each week, what a pile of pennies would be in our Sunday school treasuries at the close of the year. So if every person always remembered the missionary collections, how glad the missionaries would be.

And then I have thought if God spares this little girl's life forty or fifty years, and she continues this habit of giving (as she surely will, for those who are accustomed to give, like it better and better), how useful her life will be. Can any one tell how much good the money distributed through all these years will accomplish?

I am very glad so many children all over our land are learning to give to the needy. I am sure Jesus loves such; it was, probably little ones like these, unselfish, kind and charitable, that he meant when he said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A FRIEND TO LITTLE ONES.

Annie Wheeler, a little girl of ten years, writes us from Gorham, Me., that she has not forgotten about sending the pay for the *HELPER*, which she likes very much, and thinks she shall continue to take it. She has been trying to get other subscribers. She wishes to know how the missionaries get along. Perhaps some native girl may answer.

The goddess Durga's husband is represented as dressed in tiger's skin. His head-dress is of serpents, and he wears a necklace of shells. In one hand he wields a battle-axe. What a god!

CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,

FROM FEB. 1, 1880, TO APRIL 1, 1880.

MAINE.

Augusta, Auxiliary, for "Emeline's" salary.....	7 00
East Dixfield, Auxiliary, one-half each, H. M. and F. M.....	5 00
East Otisfield, Auxiliary.....	6 00
East Parsonsfield, Children's Concert, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	3 00
East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary.....	2 00
Exeter, Q. M., for support of Zenana teacher.....	14 00
Farmington, Q. M., \$25.00 for native teacher with Mrs. J. L. Phillips, \$5.00 Incidental Fund, and \$22.00 for working capital.....	52 00
Garland, Children's offering of F. B. Society, for salary of Miss I. Phillips.....	1 00
Hallowell, Auxiliary, Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work.....	4 00
Lewiston, A Friend, support of girl with Miss Crawford.....	5 00
Lisbon, Auxiliary, Second Church.....	11 00
New Portland, Auxiliary.....	6 00
Pittsfield, Auxiliary, for native teacher.....	10 00
Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for support of "Jessie".....	12 50
Saco, Auxiliary, \$5.00 for Miss Crawford's work, \$5.00 for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work.....	10 00
South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary for support of "Gouri,".....	12 00

South Parsonsfield, Little Gleaners; for salary of Miss I. Phillips.....	2 06
Topsham, \$1.00 each, Mrs. A. G. Hill, and Mrs. A. L. Gould, for F. M.....	2 00
West Falmouth, Children's Band, for salary of Miss I. Phillips..	5 00
West Falmouth, Mrs. M. M. Washburn, Mrs. D. P. Small, Miss L. Hadlock, Miss S. L. Brown, \$1.00 each, for Miss Julia Phillips' work.....	4 00

\$173 56

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ashland, Auxiliary.....	6 00
Dover, Auxiliary, Wash. Street Church.....	7 37
Laconia, Mrs. J. T. Weeks, for "Working Capital,".....	50
Northwood Ridge, Auxiliary.....	17 80

\$31 67

VERMONT.

Corinth, Auxiliary, Second F. B. Church.....	4 00
Huntington, Mrs. L. A. Fuller, for incidental fund.....	15
Lyndon Centre, Little Helpers, for Miss I. Phillips' salary...	1 00
St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary.....	12 00
St. Johnsbury, Children's Band...	1 25
South Strafford, Auxiliary for Zenana work.....	5 00

West Topsham, Auxiliary, little girls gave as follows: Cora A. Proud, 71 cts., Emma Leavitt, 17 cts., Myrtie Church, 10 cts., Lillie V. Childs, 82 cts.; all towards constituting Miss Julia E. Ford L. M.	1 80
Wheelock, Q. M., collected for finishing room in Myrtle Hall,	5 50
	<u>\$30 70</u>

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone, Mission Band, for Miss Hattie Phillips' salary ..	10 00
Blackstone, A Friend, for do.	1 00
Farnumsville, Children's Band, for Miss H. Phillips' salary ..	5 00
Lowell, Collections at First F. B. Church	59 08
Lowell, Auxiliary, Page Street Church, \$5.00, F. M. and towards L. M. of Mrs. A. J. Gould; \$3.00, Harper's Ferry; \$8.00 from sale of quilt given by Dorothea Knapp for working capital	59 11
Taunton, Church, for Miss Hattie Phillips' salary	5 00
	<u>\$139 10</u>

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Ladies, for Miss H. Phillips' salary	8 00
Auburn, Sunday School, for do.	3 47
Carolina Mills, Young People's Missionary Society, for do.	1 00
Foster, Ladies of church, for do.	5 48
Georgiaville, Ladies, for do.	10 00
Greenville, Auxiliary, for do.	20 00
Olneyville, Auxiliary, for do.	30 00
Olneyville, Cup Bearers, for support of "Ambler"	12 50
Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' salary	12 50
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for do.	15 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams, for do.	32 50
Providence, Busy Gleaners, Roger Williams, for Miss Hattie Phillips' Zenana work	5 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Pond St., for Miss H. Phillips' salary ..	2 50
Providence, Auxiliary, Park St., for do.	12 50
Providence, Auxiliary, Greenwich Street, for do.	13 75
Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, Greenwich Street, for do.	5 00
Tiverton, Ladies of church, for do.	10 00
West Greenwich, for do.	1 00
Woonsocket, Mrs. Obed Paine, for do.	5 00
	<u>\$215 30</u>

Dover, N. H.

CONNECTICUT.

East Killingly, Mrs. G. H. Child, for Miss H. Phillips' salary	65
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NEW YORK.

Ashford, Mrs. L. Fox, for Miss Crawford's work	10 00
Wirt Center, Mrs. S. Gilbert, \$5.00, and Mrs. B. M. Worth, \$5.00; \$6.00 for F. M. and \$4.00 for furnishing room in Myrtle Hall	10 00
	<u>\$20 00</u>

OHIO.

Seneca & Huron, Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society, for F. M.	8 00
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ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Miss Ella Patterson	3 95
	<u>3 95</u>

MICHIGAN.

Claybanks, Church	4 00
Genesee, Q. M. for F. M., 15 cts. expense	18 15
Grant Township, S. S., for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' Ragged School ..	1 25
Hillsdale, Mrs. J. H. Butler's S. S. class, of F. B. Church, for Miss I. Phillips' salary	5 00
Hillsdale, Class "K," in S. S., for Miss I. Phillips	5 00
Montague, Home Mission Box, for Miss I. Phillips' salary ...	1 25
Montcalm, Q. M., Woman's Missionary Society for F. M.	5 47
	<u>\$40 12</u>

IOWA.

Agency City, Auxiliary, for F. M.	5 00
	<u>\$5 00</u>

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Auxiliary, for F. M., towards L. M. of Mrs. A. A. Smith	7 25
	<u>\$7 25</u>

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Stanstead, Auxiliary, for teacher with Miss H. Phillips	8 00
	<u>\$8 00</u>

Total amount, \$686 49

Miss L. A. DeMERITE, Treasurer.